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**Publisher**.....Sandy Harbinson  
**Advertising Mgr**.....Linda Harbinson  
**Editor**.....Robert Cotton  
**Admin. Asst.**.....Gayle Fournier  
**Production Asst.**.....Cheryl Kosteci



## Volunteers make the community

Volunteers and volunteer organizations are the very heart of any community. They provide invaluable support to all aspects of life in the community including recreation, municipal affairs, social services and medical care.

The McCausland Hospital Auxiliary is one of many such groups. The active volunteers of the Auxiliary help the hospital to maintain a high standard of patient care and have been working hard to enhance the quality of life for both in-patients and out-patients. Their activities range from loaning parents a baby bucketseat to take their newborn home in, to raising \$15,000 for a sygmoidoscope.

In the hospital, the volunteers of the Auxiliary are the only visitors for some of the patients. Their visits help these people continue to feel part the community.

Outside of the hospital the McCausland Hospital Auxiliary initiated and raised the funds for the Lifeline program which provides people with an emergency response unit. This kind of preventive care helps reduce the costs of your whole health care system.

The work done by volunteers is sometimes taken for granted by other members of a community because volunteers, by their very nature, do not often seek the spotlight. Sometimes a community doesn't even know what its got until it's gone.

The McCausland Hospital Auxiliary has been able to provide this help to the hospital because volunteers have committed some time and a lot of energy to the tasks at hand.

These volunteers come from all walks of life, with all kinds of skills, and more active volunteers are needed. All one really needs is a willingness to help out. It does require a commitment of time but not as much as you might think. What will be greater than you think is the feeling of satisfaction received from being involved with the people of your community. Remember, that patient could be you, a member of your family or a friend.

Every community needs vibrant volunteer organizations and this can only happen if people make the time to take an active interest.

Robert A. Cotton

## Two Br 223 Legion Auxiliary Life Members congratulated

Dear Editor:

I would publicly like to 'Congratulate' Lillian Belleveau and Stella Gusul for their many years of taking offices and hard work that they have given the Royal Canadian Legion Br.#223 Auxiliary.

It is women like these two that keep an Auxiliary in force. There are many still in Terrace Bay and many have moved on.

I was disappointed with the write up that was taken

so lightly. This is an important award that has taken months to come about.

We, that subscribe to the Terrace Bay-Schreiber News want to read news about the area and the people that make things happen there rather than all the filler from the Canadian Press.

Let's hope for more news in the future.

S. Love  
Quesnel, B.C.



## A week in the Caribbean

Life is just one damn thing after another.

Hugh Garner, the old Cabbagetown scribbler had that right -- but he neglected to add what wonderful and preposterous damn things those damn things sometimes are. Life has a penchant for shuffling the cards and dealing you a hand you couldn't have imagined if you'd gobbled five sheets of blotter acid.

Tale my hand for instance.

If you'd asked me a year ago what I'd be doing in the middle of February, 1991, I'd have grumbled "The usual -- shovelling snow, performing mouth to mouth on my car battery, hunkering, shivering, waiting for spring."

Instead, the middle of this February found me standing on the deck of the MS Nieuw Amsterdam, watching a large orange ball plunge into the blue-green bosom of the Caribbean.

Me. On a luxury liner. Who'd'a thunk it?

The Nieuw Amsterdam is a sleek, svelte triumph of iron, brass, teak and mahogany. It is just eight years old and cost \$165 million to build. Your correspondent is a bald, pudgy, Canuck commonly decked out in T shirts and old running shoes. I was middle aged when the Nieuw Amsterdam was still in blueprints. My list price might run \$13.95.

With the running shoes thrown in.

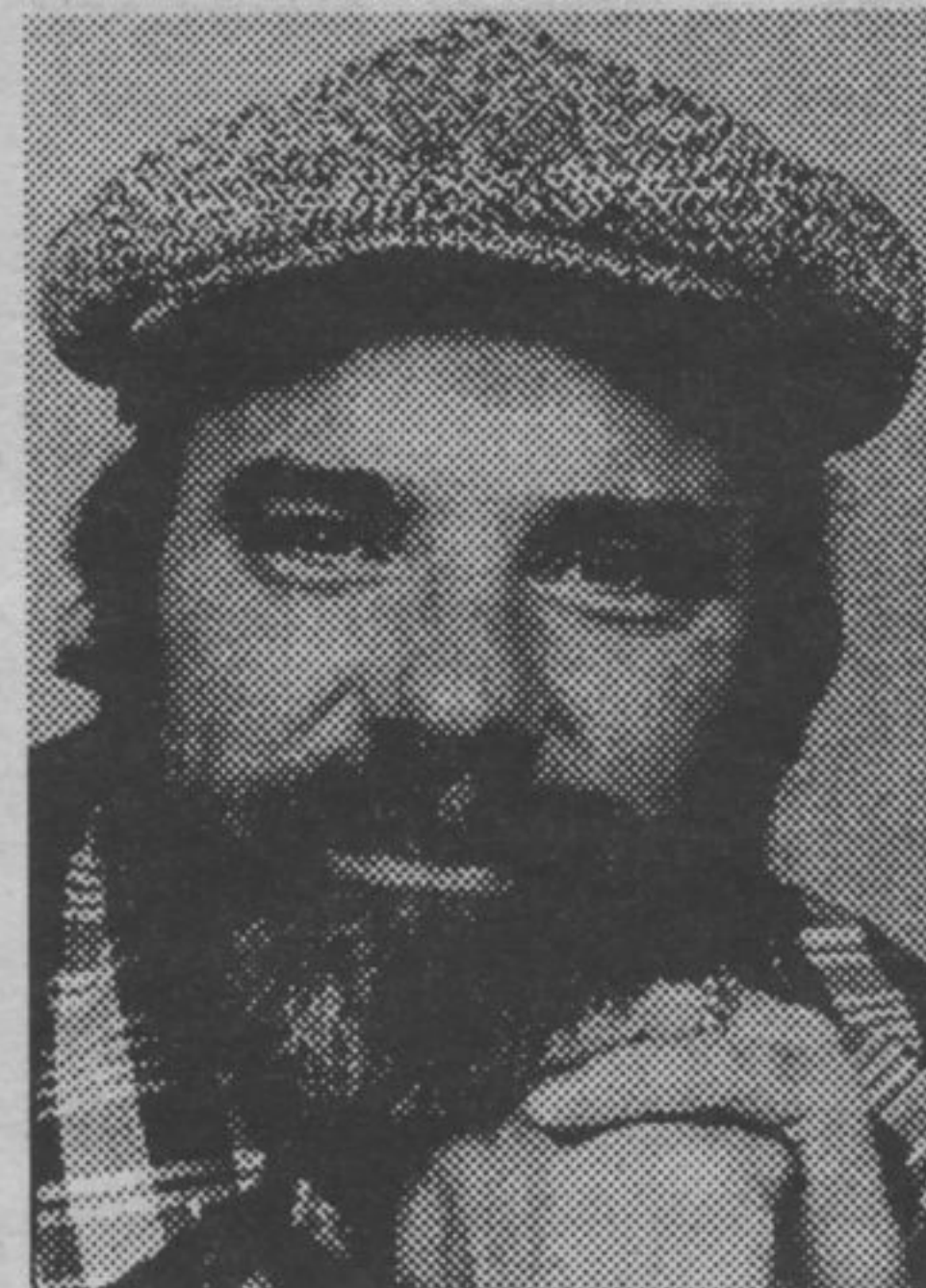
The Nieuw Amsterdam and I were not exactly made for each other, yet there we were, hand in hand. Or foot on deck, or something. The Heart and Stroke Foundation of Onatario had chosen me as a kind of cruise mascot. In so doing, they plucked me out of the depths of an Ontario

winter and onto the deck of a Caribbean cruise ship.

Life the Dealer had dealt me a full house, ace-high. I was happy to stand pat for at least seven days.

Here then, some random observations from a week spent bobbing around the Western Caribbean:

Key West, Florida.



Arthur Black

Ah, Key West! I have long believed North America's southernmost gobbet of coral to be the last remaining outpost of true, unplasticized magic in that geographical pudenda that droops off the southeast corner of the continental U.S. Eighty miles from Cuba and far enough off shore from the mainland to resist the Chick'n N Grits, the Gator Worlds, the glitz and the kitsch that infests the rest of Florida like some fungal blight.

I was wrong. Key West is a mess. A slow shuffling biomass of tourists from Omaha and Oshawa grazing on shoals of storefronts selling shell jewelry, conch burgers and simian dolls made from lacquered coconut shells.

I found myself wandering the streets dodging tourist trolleys and

peep show barkers, muttering to myself: "Hemingway lived here. Hemingway...lived here?"

He didn't, of course. Hemingway lived in quite another Key West, back in the days when it was a low-budget out of the way haven for part-time fishermen, full-time dreamers, poets, artists, writers and other snow-weary vaga-bonds. Hemingway's home is still there, a big, gracious wooden house, festooned with cats and nestled in a cool green oasis of shade trees. You can even walk in and pet the cats. And like everything else in Key West, it'll cost you.

But the beauty of a cruise is, tomorrow means another port. After leaving Key West we steamed across the Gulf to the Mexican island of Cozumel where the water comes highly recommended for snorkeling, but not drinking. Then another zag across the waves to the sandy beaches of Ocho Rios, Jamaica, where the emerald green hills produce everything from bauxite ore to coffee beans. From the kaleidoscope cacophony of Jamaica another overnight cruise lands us on the flat, clean, teddibly British island of Grand Cayman, where income tax is unheard of, plutocrats hide their millions in unnumbered bank accounts and store clerks slump, elegantly bored, over display cases of diamonds, emeralds and \$5,000 Rolexes.

Tampa, Key West, Playa del Carmen, Cozumel, Jamaica, Grand Cayman. Six ports in seven days. Wonderful food. Spectacular scenery. Great people to enjoy it with. But you know the very best thing about my trip?

For a solid week I didn't hear the initials G, S or T.